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Vol XXV. No. 18.
SEMBER 15, 1900.



Published Semi-Monthly
\$2 per Year.

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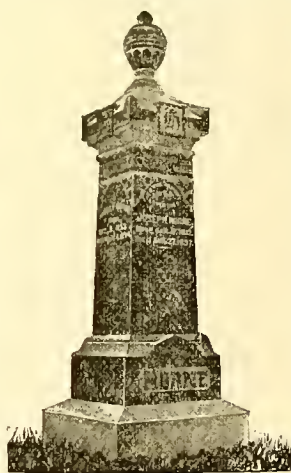
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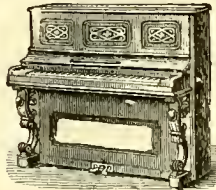
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Vol. XXXV.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1900.

No. 18.

HISTORY OF THE NATIONS.

WALES. (Concluded.)

IN their efforts to aid the people of Gaul to throw off the Roman yoke, the British people incurred the enmity of Rome, and this was used as a pretext for the in-

other nations. The British were led by Caradoc (called by the Romans Caractacus) the elected chief and king, or Pendragonet, of all the Kymric clans, and by his cousin Arvira-



RHUABON, DENBIGHSHIRE.

vasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar, who, in 55-54 B. C. attempted to subjugate the British Kymry, as the Romans had subdued all

gus, who succeeded Caradoc after the latter had been betrayed and taken captive to Rome. After many sanguinary battles the Romans



PICTON CASTLE, PEMBROKESHIRE. HOME OF LORD MILFORD.

were obliged to withdraw their forces to save them from annihilation, but renewed their efforts at intervals in later years with greater success, until in A. D. 114, the Britons were overpowered and concluded a treaty by which they consented to become an integral part of the Roman empire, but were to continue under their own laws and native kings, a concession seldom granted by the Romans.

Thus for nearly 170 years the brave Britons resisted the Roman legions; the Kymric generals were fully the equals of the Romans in every strategy and had it not been for the vacillation and treachery of some of their own forces, it is safe to say that the Britons never would have been subdued by the Romans. The lack of union was the cause of their undoing. The war chariots of the patriot armies were the particular terror of the Roman soldiers, and the success of the Britons was frequently due to the chariot-eers, who swept through their enemies like a whirlwind. To make any headway in their efforts the Romans had recourse to the use of elephants with a view to terrorize the

British horses. In this they were successful, as the native horses became uncontrollable as soon as the strange animals were brought upon the scene, and fled in dismay from the battle field.

INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

During these wars of conquest Christianity was introduced into the British Isles, and it is said immediately gained rapid headway. The sons and daughter of the captive prince, Caradoc (Caractacus) were among the early converts at Rome, so the Kymry traditions and histories aver, and they, with Joseph of Arimathea, the same who buried the Savior after His crucifixion, introduced the Gospel into Britain and established churches among the late devotees of Druidic worship, which worship the Romans had extinguished as completely as Judaism with its rites and sacrifices had been extinguished at Jerusalem, under Titus, the Roman general who first won laurels in the almost incessant wars in Britain. Christianity flourished throughout Britain, so tradition avers, in the first and second



CAREW CASTLE, PEMBROKESHIRE.

centuries of our era, and its followers in Britain introduced the new religion among the Saxons and Gauls of the continent.

After the fall of Rome and the decadence of its power, the people of Britain, having by their almost incessant revolts become weakened, disheartened and divided, were an easy prey to the continental tribes who swarmed in hordes upon the borders of the land. The Scandinavians invaded the northern parts of the island, many remaining to occupy the land after the general expulsion of their armies, and their descendants form a great part of the people of Scotland today. The Anglo-Saxons invaded the eastern coasts and finally subdued nearly the whole kingdom after hundreds of years of bloody wars. Later the Normans came and completed the subjugation. The Kymry being divided up into petty tribes, under princes who were sundered by jealousies and personal feuds, were in no condition to maintain their own against their enemies and their country was narrowed down to the limits of

the Cambrian principality, now embraced in North and South Wales, and many centuries ago became an integral part of the kingdom of Great Britain.

A LAND OF CASTLES.

As the home of every prince was a strongly fortified castle, Wales became a land famous for its numerous castles, the most of which are now but piles of ruins, made picturesque by the wild growth of ivy which adorns their walls and are interesting from the history connected with them. The ruins of very ancient churches also dot the landscape.

The country of Wales is extremely picturesque and attracts hundreds of tourists every season. It is mostly mountainous like our own Utah, with beautiful streams of clear water. Its landed estates are like vast parks, abounding in sheep, cattle and game. Its rocky shores are rugged and grand.

The seacoast of Wales is lined with beautiful summer bathing resorts, which are always crowded, the most famous and pictur-

esque is at Llandudno Bay, in North Wales. The bathing machines are quite a novelty; they are small dressing rooms built on wheels, and to which horses are attached, and they are moved with the tide. The bather is taken out to meet the tide, and as the water gets deeper the bath-houses are drawn shoreward or *vice versa*.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PEOPLE.

The people of Wales are noted for their

world, and the descendants of the Cymry are conspicuous for their number in nearly every settlement in this and neighboring States, nor have they been lacking in energy, vim and enthusiasm in the cause of the Kingdom of God. The introduction of the Gospel into Wales was accompanied by great spiritual gifts and manifestations, due to the simple, child-like faith of the people, and the earnestness of their devotion. The sick were healed, the lame were made to walk, the blind re-



SOUTH BAY, TENBY, PEMBROKESHIRE.

hearty and unbounded hospitality, for their deep religious feeling and convictions and respect for sacred things. Religion and spirituality is a part of their very nature. There are no infidels or agnostics in Wales. Religious services are well attended. Everyone will stop to listen to a street preacher in Wales. In proportion to the number of its people, Wales has furnished more converts to the Gospel than any other country in the

world, and the descendants of the Cymry are conspicuous for their number in nearly every settlement in this and neighboring States, nor have they been lacking in energy, vim and enthusiasm in the cause of the Kingdom of God. The introduction of the Gospel into Wales was accompanied by great spiritual gifts and manifestations, due to the simple, child-like faith of the people, and the earnestness of their devotion. The sick were healed, the lame were made to walk, the blind re-

ceived their sight, the cholera was rebuked and even the dead were raised to life. There are hundreds now living who can bear witness to many of these miraculous manifestations of the power of God following the restoration of the true Gospel. This brief sketch would be incomplete without a mention of the Eisteddfod, a celebrated ancient Welsh institution which has done more than all other influences combined to

preserve the national language and characteristics, to perpetuate the love of music, literature and oratory and maintain their high standard. It probably originated in the early ages in the contests for Druidic and Bardic honors, as none but those who passed the highest scholastic examination could enter these orders. For 2,000 years and more the Eisteddfod has been to the Welsh what the Olympic games and athletic contests were to the ancient Greeks and Romans. The Welsh contests were confined wholly to music, oratory and literature, and were held annually, competition being open to all the people. It has done and is doing much to educate and refine all classes of the Welsh people. The present vitality of Welsh music is attributable in a large degree to the encouragement afforded the art at these annual gatherings.

In his letters on Wales and the Welsh people, Mr. Henry Richards, member of Parliament, says: "The true reason why the Eisteddfodau (plural for Eisteddfod) are held, is to be found partly in the reverence which the common people of Wales cherish for old customs, and partly in the genuine delight they take in such intellectual excitements as are afforded them there, in exercises of oratory and competitions in poetry and music,

just as the common people of England take delight in horse-racing and fox-hunting."

"It is a most remarkable feature," says Dr. Connop Thirwill, bishop of St. David's, "in the history of any people, and such as could be said of no other people than the Welsh, that they have centered their national recreation in literature and musical competitions."

The erudite Fetis, the late director of the Brussels Royal academy of music, in his history of music, thus refers to the antiquity of the Welsh and their music: "In Gaul, as well as in the country of the Welsh nation, there were priests who were called Druids, who celebrated their mysterious rites in the forests, and bards or musical priests who sang the glories of heroes. But there is this difference between Gaul and the country of the Welsh, inasmuch as the latter still preserve their bards, and that the Cambrian or Celtic language is still cultivated by them, and moreover that their music maintains its primitive type. There is something remarkable in this now interminable succession of Welsh bards for two thousand years, and in the preservation intact of their language and their Celtic music, in a country so long ruled over by the Saxons."

Joseph Hyrum Parry.



FOR THE GOSPEL'S SAKE.

IT was a beautiful evening, many years ago, in one of the great coal districts, situated in the southern part of Wales, Great Britain.

The cool evening breeze was laden with the breath of flowers, wafted from the roadside hedges, which were white as snow with blossoms.

In the open doorway of one of the neat colliers' cottages, standing near the road, was a young girl, about nineteen years of age, anxiously peering forth into the gathering twilight, and then, as if she had caught sight of the one for whom she was looking, she turned back into the house with a light step, and went on with her preparations for

the evening meal. As she bent to stir the coals in the open fireplace into a brighter blaze, one could see that her face was bright and attractive, and she moved with a healthy, girlish grace which became her well.

The room which the firelight revealed was neat and cozy, with its clean stone floor, the old-fashioned dresser in the corner, with the row of shining cups above, and the small table set forth for supper.

Near the window sat the girl's mother, busily knitting and softly humming an old song, as she slowly rocked back and forth, making in herself a picture of perfect contentment.

Soon heavy footsteps were heard without, and a man entered the room.

This man was John Evans, the girl's father, and he had just returned from his work in the great coal mines near by. He greeted his wife and daughter pleasantly, and soon the three were seated at the table partaking of their simple evening meal.

John Evans was a strong, heavily built man of middle age, whose square, massive chin and sharp black eyes denoted great determination of character; a man whose views were as set and immovable as the rocky fastnesses of the surrounding hills; kind and gentle as a child if left to follow his own inclinations, but hard and stern if opposed in any way; a man who could be a true friend, yet one who never forgot an injury nor forgave an enemy.

After they had finished their supper, yet still sat chatting together, another step was heard outside—this time a firm, quick tread—and then a knock at the door.

Ruth (for such was the girl's name) rose from her seat, the conscious look on her face betraying the fact that she more than half suspected to whom the step belonged.

As she opened the door a young man entered, to whom John Evans gave a hearty greeting, showing that the visitor was a welcome guest at the collier's cottage.

The new comer was Philip Morgan, a tall,

broad-shouldered young fellow; into whose keeping, after a glance into the clear, honest eyes, one would not feel afraid to trust his life if needs be. By nature he was gentle as a woman, generous to a fault, yet brave and fearless in times of danger as many of the colliers could testify. Honest and straightforward in every fibre of his being, he hated and despised anything like falsehood or deception.

He came in and took the chair Ruth placed for him, and began conversing with Mr. Evans. But his glance wandered so often, and lingered so long and tenderly on the slight form of Ruth, as she flitted quickly about performing her household duties, that it was very easy to guess what it was that brought the young collier to the home of John Evans. And in truth why need he try to hide his regard for her? Was she not his promised wife? And when the fall came again, if all went well they would be married with the blessing and good will of all concerned.

If anyone had asked Philip Morgan when it was that he first learned to care for little Ruth Evans, he could not have told, for it seemed to him that he had always loved her, ever since she was a tiny, black-eyed mite of five or six years, and he a sturdy lad of twelve, and they had romped the beautiful green hills together, and he had carried her home on his broad shoulders. And as they grew older, she was always first of all to him, and the regard he felt for her then had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength until now it was plain to be seen that this little Welsh maiden, with her soft, dark eyes, was far more precious to this stalwart young collier than all the treasures of her majesty's kingdom.

Soon, her work being finished, Ruth came and sat near her mother, and the evening passed in pleasant conversation, interspersed with several songs in which they all joined; for there is nothing dearer to the heart of the Welsh people than singing; indeed, this is so characteristic of them as a people that

theirs is often and truly termed «the land of song.»

Just before leaving for home, Philip spoke of some singing he had heard as he came down the street, and said he had paused a moment to listen and had learned it came from two Mormon Elders, who were holding a meeting on one of the public squares. «And», said he, «I hear they are making many converts in the neighborhood. Only a few nights ago they baptized quite a number of people, and down at Llanelly they have organized a branch of their Church numbering about forty souls.»

None of them noticed the flush which overspread Ruth's face as he was speaking, nor saw how intent she seemed on the knitting she held in her hands. John Evans rose from his seat and impatiently knocked the ashes from his pipe on to the hearth. «I wonder,» he said, «how such things are allowed. Indeed and 'tis well for the rascals that I have no authority in such matters, or I would put them where they could do no more harm.» The words were uttered in a harsh, vindictive tone, showing that the speaker was a bitter enemy to the cause of truth which was struggling so hard to gain a foothold in this part of the world.

He paused for a moment, then impatiently turned again towards Philip. «But why need we trouble ourselves about such things?» he said. «If there are people who are fools enough to believe the lies these men tell,—why, let them; but as long as they molest neither me nor mine, why need I care?» Again Ruth bent low over her knitting, and soon after this Philip took his leave, with a vague wonder in his heart why it was that Ruth's eyes would not meet his at parting, and her usually bright face wore so sad an expression.

If he could have seen her after he left, he would have wondered still more, for long after her parents had retired, she sat gazing moodily before her, and at last when she rose to go to her room, she repeatedly

murmured to herself: «Oh, if they only knew!»

Six months previous to the time of which we write, Ruth had gone on a visit to her aunt, residing in North Wales, and at the time of her visit, there were two «Mormon» Elders staying at her aunt's house; from them she heard the Gospel for the first time, and the glorious truths sank deep into her heart, filling her whole soul with an exquisite gladness. Shortly before her return home, her aunt and family embraced the Gospel and were baptized; and, believing with all her heart that her parents would as joyfully accept the truth as she herself had done, she also requested baptism at the hands of the Elders, and her request was complied with.

On arriving home she found the little town in a state of great excitement over the advent of two Mormon Elders, as they were termed, who had been preaching in the vicinity, and many they found who gladly accepted their doctrine. But there were also many more who opposed them bitterly, and to her sorrow, Ruth found her father among the latter class. With the whole strength of his nature he seemed to hate this new religion, and with all the bitterness which he was capable of displaying he opposed it in every way.

Poor little Ruth fearing her father's wrath, she dared not tell him of her conversion to a faith he so hated, and her mother—good soul—had never been known to oppose her husband's will in anything in her life. Besides, she was a nervous semi-invalid, and Ruth, fearing to distress her, held her peace.

And Philip—several times she had been on the point of confiding in him; but somehow, although he said little on the subject, she knew he had no love for the Elders, nor their doctrine, in his heart. So the days slipped away into weeks, and Ruth kept her secret to herself, not even daring to attend any of the meetings which the Elders were holding in the neighborhood lest her father should find it out.

One evening several days after the one on

which our story opens, John Evans came home rather early, and as he entered the house, both his wife and daughter saw that he was in a great passion. As he advanced to where Ruth sat by the window, she instinctively shrank from him, knowing, after one glance into his face, that all was discovered.

And thus it proved to be. That same day he had met a relative of theirs from North Wales who had thoughtlessly told him of Ruth's conversion and baptism by the Mormon Elders. This at first he would not believe, but he was finally convinced of the truth of the man's statement, and that evening hurried home to confront her with the story. First he demanded to know of her if it was true that she had dared disobey him, and had disgraced herself and him by joining those vile Mormons!

She tried to tell him she had had no thought of disobeying him when she was baptized, but he interrupted her, and then followed a scene which would be difficult to describe. Never had John Evans used such words to his daughter before, for however harsh he may have been to others, to her he had always been kind and gentle; for was she not his one ewe lamb, the pride of his heart? But he seemed to forget it all in his fierce anger, and heaped such epithets upon her that she shrank shivering, cowering before him.

At last he demanded to know if she meant to renounce this religion; and with a new strength, born of the faith within her, she had firmly answered "no." And then—but why speak of what followed? Suffice it to say that a little later she walked from the house, forbidden to enter it again, driven from home for the Gospel's sake!

She had not attempted to plead with her father, she knew it would be useless; but as she reached the door, she turned back to where her mother sat sobbing, and kissing her tenderly, whispered: "Don't cry, mother, God will take care of me." And then she

had gone from the home which had sheltered her from childhood.

Never, while life lasts will she forget that night—forget how she paused half-dazed on the street and half unconsciously noticed how bright the moon shone, and how sweet the air was with the smell of flowers. As she thus stood she heard someone down the street singing in a clear voice, "Hen wlad fy nhadau"—a song she and her father had often sung together. And then she recollected herself and went to the house of an old friend, Mrs. Thomas by name, and one who had but lately embraced the Gospel.

After hearing Ruth's story, Mrs. Thomas bade her welcome to her house, and told her she could stay with her as long as she so desired.

This offer Ruth gladly accepted, thinking it would not be for long that she would need to trespass on her friend's hospitality, for surely her father would soon forgive her, and she could return home.

In this she was mistaken, for on learning where she was staying, her father sent her trunk and all her belongings, and as the days passed there came no sign of forgiveness from him.

But Ruth was not unhappy, for very often now she attended the meetings of the Saints, and her heart rejoiced over the divine truths she heard at those meetings. And besides, was there not Philip still left to her?—good, true-hearted Philip who loved her so?

But as the days slipped away, and she saw nothing of him, it slowly dawned upon her that he too had deserted her. As this truth was forced upon her, her heart sank within her and she felt that now indeed she was friendless and alone.

A few days later as she sat on Mrs. Thomas' doorstep, thinking, a shadow fell across the path, and Philip stood before her. He was looking at her with the old love-light in his eyes and as though the sight of her did him good. "Ruth," he said simply, "I could keep away no longer. I came to ask you to give

up this nonsense you have got in your head. Forget it all, and come back to us again—our own little Ruth!»

The girl's eyes filled with tears, and she nervously clasped her hands before her.

«I cannot give it up, Philip,» she said in a low voice. «I know it is true, and God would not hold me guiltless should I turn back now.»

Long did he plead with her as though it was for his own life; assuring her of their forgiveness, if she would only give up this religion and come home.

«For my sake, Ruth,» he whispered; and there went up a prayer from her heart that she might have strength to do what she felt to be right. And then in a firm voice, though with white, trembling lips, she told him she could not do as he asked.

«Then, Ruth,» he said, and the memory of his white, pained face haunted her for many a day, «it must all be over between us. I could not marry a girl who called herself a Mormon.»

She bowed her head in answer, and so he left her.

Long she sat there feeling so utterly sad and alone, but that night as she prayed for divine guidance, there came to her the sweet assurance that all would yet come right.

So spring and summer passed, and Mrs. Thomas and family were making preparations to emigrate to Utah, and this kind friend offered to lend Ruth money to pay her passage if she would accompany them. But this she had not yet decided to do, for her prayer day and night was that before taking this step she might be reconciled with her dear ones.

Little did she know how that reconciliation would come about.

Twice had she called to see her parents, but her father refused to admit her, and Philip she had not seen since the day he called at Mrs. Thomas' cottage. This was a source of great sorrow to loving little Ruth, and one night she had been praying earnestly

that God would soften their hearts, that she might have their forgiveness. As she knelt thus, there came to her ears a dull, rumbling, booming sound, which caused her to spring to her feet with a cry of terror.

Full well did she know what that sound meant.

An explosion at the mines!

Rushing from the house, she joined the great throng of people already surging towards the scene of the explosion.

No words can portray the terrible scenes which followed at the mines. The cries and moans of grief-stricken women, whose loved ones lay buried in the fearful tomb below; the frantic rushing to and fro of white-faced men; and then the long, terrible hours of organized watching, when, one by one the cold, dead bodies of the miners were brought up by the brave men, who at the risk of their own lives went below to bring up the bodies of the dead, or rescue any who might yet be alive.

As the cage came up each time with its dread load, an icy hand seemed to clutch at Ruth's heart-strings. Then, as she saw neither her father nor Philip were of the number, a sigh of thanksgiving escaped her.

At last, after hours of weary watching, the cage came up once more, and a sob of joy broke from her lips, as Philip stepped from it alive and unhurt. Above all the din he heard her glad cry of «Philip,» and came quickly to where she stood, tenderly trying to shield her gaze from that other silent form which the men had just brought and laid beside the rest. But she had caught a sight of it, and with a low cry of «Father!» she knelt beside it.

It was indeed her father who lay before her, and as her tears fell on the cold, upturned face, she forgot all the harsh, unkind things he had said to her; forgot that the last words she had heard from the now silent lips had been bitter reproaches; forgot it all, only remembering that it was her own dear father who lay lifeless before her.

In the sad days which followed it was Philip who took charge of everything; he who comforted her mother as only a living son would have done; and as the dreary winter days passed he came to the cottage much as of yore seeming to forget that anything had happened to estrange Ruth and himself.

Many an anxious hour did she spend praying in his behalf, and towards spring her reward came, when she found him investigating the principles of the religion she loved so well. And oh, the proud joy which filled

her heart on the day he came to her and told her he had been baptized!

Mrs. Evans did not long survive her husband, but before her death she too embraced the Gospel.

Today as Philip and Ruth Morgan sit in their comfortable home in Utah, surrounded by their sons and daughters, they often speak of their home in dear, far-off Wales, and Ruth never ceases to thank her Heavenly Father that He gave her strength to endure all her trials «For the Gospel's Sake.»

Annie Roberts.



INCIDENTS IN A MASTER'S LIFE.

MORE than seventy years ago, there lived near Meissen, Saxony, a struggling young artist. He was poor as well as young, and unlike many of his kind, he was married.

He had a charming and capable young wife; but no matter how capable or thrifty she might be, it lay solely with the young husband to provide for the family which were sure to come.

And come they did! The oldest son was called Karl, and Karl and the wife must have bread and butter.

Art is a delightful and soul-satisfying pursuit; but after all, a bit of meat, bread and coffee call for pfennigs and marks, not sunsets and chateaux done in water-colors or oil. There is a very distinct but invisible line between the artist and the artisan in old and cultured Europe. The artist may starve to death upon his originality, but he dies as one of the glorious company of artists; yet starve he must, if the choice lies between that and the making of designs for trade purposes, howsoever beautiful and artistic his work may be in his trade line.

In cosmopolitan, struggling, new, com-

mercial America, we know little difference between the art of the landscape painter and that of the sign painter. If both make a living and keep out of the poorhouse, we have no occasion to worry about fine distinctions and artistic sensibilities. Therefore the readers of this little sketch must, for the time at least, get themselves into the European view point; acquire the soul, the fine sensitiveness, the culture and refinement which belong to old civilizations and which permeate the very atmosphere of the old world.

* * * * *

The artist-father had chosen! Years had passed away and the little Karl was grown to be a rollicking, lively, intelligent boy with the sensitive artist soul of the father and the capable, active temperament of the mother. He saw his father go, day after day, to his work, with the look in his eyes of one who has dwelt upon the Mount for a time yet was now compelled to come down and mingle with the clamorous multitude.

Sometimes in his rambles with the dearly loved father, they would meet with an old friend, an artist, and the conversation turned



THE ARTIST'S YOUTHFUL EFFORT.

often upon art in a manner far beyond the understanding of the boy.

These encounters always puzzled the little Karl, and one day he asked his father for an explanation of some points in those conversations.

For answer, the father led the boy into the drawing-room of their comfortable home, and, pausing before a picture of still-life,

wonderful in its conception and execution, he said: «My boy, look upon this picture. I painted it when I was nineteen years old; it got the first prize at the royal exhibition in that year. The very faults in it show me the aspirations I entertained in those days to reach up to great heights in my art. All of these I might have attained in some measure if I had not been compelled too early in life

to work for pay. My son," he concluded his homily, "always try to become a master-workman in whatever you may choose to be, and don't be a scrub in it. A shoemaker should learn to make boots himself instead of being satisfied with patching up those that others have made."

The boy never forgot this incident and its moral. In after years, when he had chosen the profession of teaching as his vocation, and later still when he heard and accepted the Gospel, the young Karl G. Maeser brought with him the valued picture to hang upon his own walls in his far-distant Utah home.

We reproduce here the famous picture done by Brother Maeser's father; it is most beautiful in *motif* and execution. But the exquisite, life-like coloring which adds so much to its charm, we cannot, of course, reproduce. We commend the long and close study of this picture to our artistic young readers; a glance is not study; long detailed thought spent in its silent contemplation, the grouping, the variety, the composition, all should be noted with diligent care; that and that only, is study.

Another incident connected with Brother Maeser's father:

Some few years ago when one of Brother Maeser's sons, Emil, was on a mission to Germany, he paid a visit to the famous royal Dresden china factory at which his grandfather had worked so long.

While there he mentioned casually who he was—the grandson of the great designer. Instantly, the greatest deference and respect was shown him. His name was mentioned to the workmen, as he and his guide passed from room to room, and the workmen at once ceased work, arose, and stood silently respectful, while the grandson of the master designer remained in the room.

When they reached the room of design, where sat the artists creating the wonderful and exquisite patterns which have made that china world-renowned, the young man was led to the empty chair where his grandfather once sat, now kept vacant and as a silent token

of the great esteem and honor in which the master is still held. Where in this country do you find such faithful remembrance as this?

In a handsome show-case, Emil was shown the rarest and most beautiful designs made by his grandfather, some of them of more value than their weight in gold. Many admirers of these choice pieces had offered fabulous sums, but the factory refused always to part with their treasures. One little piece was given to Emil which he carefully conveyed to Utah on his return.

While the master was still alive, his oldest grandson, Reinhard, went on a mission to Germany. In some indescribable way, the grandfather got the idea that his grandson was going to stay with him to the end of his life.

Young Reinhard went up the stone steps so often described to him by his father, passed through the open door into the small vestibule, then turned to another open door, and there, facing him, were the full-length portraits of his mother and father; the work of the painter, his grandfather. The tears sprang to his eyes, and when his aunt, the only other child of the grandparents, came bustling in she found her nephew, a veritable Maeser, standing silent and unmoved in the center of the room.

Warm greetings were exchanged, and soon Reinhard was one of the family.

The next morning he accompanied the master to his work at the china factory.

The year before had been the fiftieth anniversary of the master's entrance into the factory; and a great feast and celebration had been made by all the workmen in honor of their beloved master. The old man had caused the elaborate decorations in his own room to be left just as they were to show to the grandson who was coming from America. And the young man had lingered a year in other parts of Germany before visiting his grandfather.

Recently, one of our young sisters, who is living for the time being in Germany, had the



SOME OF HIS DESIGNS ON CHINA.

privilege of visiting this china factory. It is situated in Meissen, just outside of Dresden. The young girl had heard the story of Brother Maeser's father and of the picture. So she was very anxious to see this great factory. Then, too, all the party were very desirous of seeing these far-famed porcelain works, and of viewing the various processes which form the wet clay into valuable and beautiful china.

The young lady's letter reads:

"When we got to Meissen Brothers S. and B. went on to Dresden, but grandma, Brother Coalter and I got off the cars. After a lot of wild-goose chasing, we found the factory. At last we were here in this famous and wonderful place! It was one of the most interesting sights I ever saw. We went first to see the wet clay before it was touched. Then, after it is wetted, it is put on the potter's wheel, and the man pulls it out and up with his hands, shaping it into cups, vases and such articles. We saw them making plates, too, but I will not describe that now, but wait till I am home and can show you with my hands. The clay of which they make statuettes, flowers, and pretty, delicate

things like that, is put into plaster-paris casts. An arm, a leg, a head, each piece is put in separately. And when they are sufficiently dry so that they will not fall to pieces, they are all taken out; the legs, arms and head are next stuck on to the body, then with little tools the appearance of paste or of the joining is removed. Now they are set away to dry. When sufficiently dry, they are dipped in glazing water, and set away again to dry. The pieces that are to be left perfectly plain are now put into the fire. Those that are to be decorated, such as vases, are painted a little, and then back into the fire they go; while those that are to be made superlatively beautiful, after this third firing are painted again, put into the fire, then withdrawn and gilded, and back into the hottest furnace they are put to complete their preparation. If, through the heat of the furnace, the painting is marred, they are painted again, and again set back in the hot furnace. If they can stand the heat of the furnace, they come out very chaste and beautiful. But even then, they are not complete. For the gold on them is still dull and colorless; they

are next put into the hands of women, who with pieces of flint or agate, polish the gold bars and lines into shining brilliancy. Then the vessel is ready to make some house or palace beautiful.

«When I was going through this factory, I thought, how much is all this like unto our lives! We are first moulded into beings by our Heavenly Father; our childhood up to eight years is when the clay is drying. Then we are baptized, as the vessel is dipped into the glazing water. Again we are set aside to dry, which is like the experiences and troubles of childhood and youth. Some are made bright with one burning of the furnace, but such are never very pretty; not very bad and not very good. Others have a little decorating before they go into the furnace the second time, and they are the prettier for that. The painting is like our experiences and education. The bystander who watches the painting go on, wonders why they add the ugly black or brown designs and lines. But lo and behold, when the vessel comes out of the furnace, the lines and designs are lovely blue ones. Those vessels which are to be the most precious and the most beautiful are taken through the furnace before ever they reach the painter's hands. They are carefully painted and decorated, and are then put into a hotter furnace than before. Many cannot stand the

heat of this terrible furnace, and they break; that is why those who do go through all this are so precious. Many souls do not come through this furnace without being marred or changed; few come out just the same, or brighter. Those that do not come through all right, yet are not broken, these are repainted and put back in the furnace. Some of us cannot learn our lessons the first time, and must go through the furnace of trouble again, hotter than before. When we do come out, though, we are just as bright if not a little brighter than those who only had to go through the once. Many break in the first furnace of trouble, many in the second. Some hold out until the last, and then break. Few there be that stand all the troubles of this earth, which earth is like unto that factory, and that is why these few will be so precious in heaven to adorn the Temple of the Lord. And so I learned much while going through this wonderful place.»

And how true it is, that the fire of affliction burns the common clay into a vessel of beauty and honor! Was not the sacrifice made by our dear Brother Maeser's father more than repaid in the glorious career of his son? The great designer is now in heaven where he can justly estimate the value of the life work of his greater son. Such a life, and such a sacrifice, bears a lesson to all mankind.

Susa Y. Gates.



SHORT STORIES.

From the Classes in English, Brigham Young Academy, Provo.

A CLOSE CALL.

WHEN the Pioneers first came to Provo, the Indians were very troublesome. They would steal cattle, destroy farms, and even kill the settlers.

Tom Williams and Jack Jones were boys of about seventeen years. Although they

had not been particularly quarrelsome with the Indians, yet they were not as friendly as they might have been.

One fall all the men and boys formed a party to go for wood. They went in this way for protection against the Indians. Tom and Jack wanted to go farther up the canyon than the others thought necessary, and would

not be dissuaded. They went about three miles farther than the rest, where though they had success in loading their wagons, they found to their amazement that they were surrounded by a large band of Indians. Just as soon as the red men saw that their victims knew of their presence, they uttered three savage war-whoops.

The boys at first were stunned with terror, but after a moment's hesitation they determined to hazard an attempt to escape.

The Indians, however, had blocked the road. A single trail leading to a brushy and hilly ravine on the southwest was the only direction in which they did not see the faces of their enemy.

Each jumped on a horse and started down the canyon. The horses, frightened by the ceaseless yelling, galloped away at break-neck speed. They followed the trail to the place where they had expected to make their escape; but the Indians had suspected this movement and there were several awaiting them. The horses, mad with fright and stung by the piercing arrows, dashed through the thicket, the leaders of the enemy gaining on them.

A few paces more and it seemed that all would be lost. Could they get beyond those skulking savages ahead of them? The boys urged the horses on. By a mighty effort they gained a little on their pursuers, dashed through a shower of arrows, then whirled around the hill, when to their sudden joy they saw their friends at a short distance.

The Indians with a yell of disappointment retreated.

Tom and Jack received several arrows in their bodies but their wounds were not serious.

They thanked God for their deliverance and thereafter were obedient to the advice of those more experienced than themselves.

Zora Smith.



A MISREPRESENTED HERO.

"HERE I've waited nearly an hour, and Napoleon has not come yet," said Julia to

herself as she stood at the gate of the narrow lane leading over the hill from her father's house to the forest.

Julia was a slender girl, and somewhat tall for fifteen years. She wore her hair in two large, black braids streaming down her back, and her deep, black eyes, sparkling with mischief, gave her face an attractive appearance. But there was something peculiar about her which reminded one of an Indian; and indeed her father was proud that one of his distant ancestors had been the son of an Indian chief.

Julia was to be a graduate of a village school in Wisconsin which she and Napoleon attended, and as they both lived out of the village, they walked together through the woods to school.

Napoleon was a pale, delicate boy, who had lived in Milwaukee all his life. His parents sent him to the country in order that he might regain his health. He was living with his uncle not far from Julia's home. Napoleon was indeed a polished young gentleman for a boy of his age.

Julia was not afraid to go through the woods alone, but she waited for Napoleon for company. When he came up to the gate his face was flushed and streams of perspiration were pouring down his forehead.

"What on earth is the matter? What have you been doing?" hurriedly asked Julia. "I was about to go on alone."

"Oh, I helped George drive the cows to the pasture and we ran them all over. They crossed the creek and I had to wade through after them."

"And of course you had to go home and get dry clothing on. You might catch cold if your feet were a little wet," said Julia in a sneering manner.

"Well, I am very uncomfortable when I have wet feet," he remarked in a somewhat injured tone.

As they walked on to school Julia spied a beautiful flower on the side of a cliff and wanted him to get it for her.

"No," he said, "that is rather a dangerous place to climb just for a flower. If any good would come out of it, I might get it, but come, we shall be late, if we don't hurry."

"Well, you are a brave lad, I must say. Say, Napoleon, your name strikes you to a T. Napoleon was such a great and brave man, and here you—you dare not get that flower," she said, as she bounded up the side of the cliff.

By carefully clinging to the bushes she obtained the coveted posey, then said: "You were afraid you might get a little dirt on your clothes."

Julia kept on with such insinuating remarks. This was the beginning of a quarrel. She called him a coward. Napoleon flushed with resentment, but calmly said:

"Well, I am not going to break my neck, and get all over mud and dirt just for the sake of a flower. You're always hinting such things, but I don't care."

Napoleon was getting quite angry. After school he did not wait for Julia, who had coaxed one of her schoolmates to go home with her and stay during the night.

As Napoleon got into the midst of the forest the coolness of the deep shade was broken occasionally by a hot breeze. He did not pay much attention to it at first, but went on until he came to the hill where Julia had challenged him to get the flower. The air was getting hot, and climbing the hill he noticed a streak of fire sweeping down toward the bridle path.

His first thought of Julia, who would be about half way through the forest. The flame would rush upon her and she would not know in what direction to escape. He dropped his books and started back. When he met the girls both were perspiring from the intense heat.

At first sight of them Napoleon shouted, "Woods on fire," and seizing each by the hand struck off through the forest. They stumbled over logs, caught on thorns, and tore their clothing, but went swiftly on as

the air grew hotter and hotter and the flames came nearer.

At length they were exhausted and thought the flames would overtake them, for they saw sparks flying in every direction, and burning leaves fluttering to the ground all around them. Blinded by smoke, and half fainting from the heat, they safely reached a stream running at the foot of the bluff, and there they rested, knowing that the flames could go no farther.

After bathing blistered faces and hands they began to think about how they would reach home. They could not walk over the field of red hot coals; so the only way was to climb the steep rugged cliff.

"Oh, you can't do that, Napoleon," said Julia. "Why, there is no brush or anything to cling to, and the slippery rocks will come sliding down, and you are liable to kill yourself. Don't try it."

But Napoleon did not listen to them. He started to ascend but did not make much progress. Step by step he drew himself up. The girls forgot their aching and painful hands and faces as they watched with suspense, thinking every minute he would come sliding down to meet his doom.

He had now climbed about thirty-five feet when his foot slipped and he came sliding back about ten feet, then caught hold of a small twig and this saved him. He started to climb again and was getting near the top and would have liked to look back but dared not for fear he would get dizzy and fall. He finally reached the top and pulled himself over the edge of the cliff.

It was now that his hands and arms commenced to hurt; he had not thought of them before. He lost no time in starting for his uncle's, and ere long brought help, who by means of ropes rescued the girls.

It was several days before Julia walked down the blackened path that led through the forest to school; but it was weeks before Napoleon was seen again at his seat; and when he did appear his arm was in a terrible

condition, having been almost cooked by the fire, and then torn by clinging to the cliff, until he had to carry it in a sling. His manners were just as refined as before, his shoes were blackened, and he kept his clothes in perfect order.

He despised wet feet as much as ever, but his schoolmates never again called him a dude or a coward. In the spring Napoleon's whole attention was for the welfare of Julia; and as for her, day by day, she dreaded the thoughts of his going home to the city.

Perhaps she would never see him again. The thought was almost as dreadful as the fire. Evidently friendship was fast becoming something else. When Napoleon went home, Julia walked to the depot with him. Before the train moved away she had promised to write to him. He came to see her the following summer, a tall, athletic man, but none the less refined. This story is not yet done, but there are rumors that a very happy climax is approaching.

Minnie Stewart.



SOME CURIOUS PLANTS.

NO more remarkable collection of strange and curious plants exists anywhere in the world than is to be found in the Botanic Garden at Washington. They afford a notion of what Dame Nature can do when she indulges her fancy in the creative line. Everybody has heard of insect-eating plants, such as the «vegetable butcher,» as it is called, to which botanists have given an unnecessarily long name. It is found growing in North Carolina bogs, stealing along close to the ground and literally extending its jaws for the capture of such insects—flies particularly—as may venture within its reach. Not one gaping mouth, but thousands, does it hold ready for welcoming its victims, each leaf being so constructed as to form a trap. These traps are somewhat the shape of clam shells, with rows of long teeth at the edges, and are baited with a sweetish substance, which attracts flies. Unsuspectingly the insect walks in, and thereupon comes in contact with six microscopic hairs, which grow inside of the clam shell and serve the plant as feelers.

The instant these are touched the two valves of the leaf close with a snap and imprison the fly, whose exit is prevented by the teeth.

Naturalists say that this plant exhibits an intelligence more nearly approaching that of animals than is displayed by any other vegetable species. It prepares a lure for a definite purpose, and is notified of the presence of the prey by what corresponds to a system of nerves. Thereupon it springs the trap and forthwith proceeds to devour the luckless prisoner, which is first crushed to death between the toothed jaws and then absorbed by a sort of digestion, this last process requiring some days. It is a true carnivorous plant, and in winter, when insects are scarce, Mr. Smith, the superintendent of the Botanic Gardens, feeds his specimens with finely chopped beef and hashed earth worms, which are readily accepted. This botanical curiosity is very rare, and likely to become extinct before long, inasmuch as it cannot be raised from seed and does not live long under cultivation.

There are other kinds of insect-eating



A GROUP OF INSECT-DEVOURING PLANTS.

plants, which distil liquor for the purpose of capturing their prey. Most of them come from the island of Borneo, but some are natives of the United States, one being from North Carolina and another from Mount Shasta. The special peculiarity of these vegetable whiskey shops, as Mr. Smith calls them, is that they supply, in their pitcher-like receptacles, which are modified leaves, hard alcoholic liquor for the entertainment and undoing of their hapless customers, and to keep the rain and dew from diluting their contents, the pitchers are usually provided with lids. As yet no chemist has succeeded in making satisfactory analyses of the liquors dispensed by the different kinds of whiskey shops, each of which appears to cater to a special class of customers. For example, the North Carolina species attracts blue-bottle flies almost exclusively, while the plant from Mount Shasta depends for patronage chief-

ly upon gnats, and one from Mount Kinibalu, in Borneo, is sought only by cockroaches. Evidently the intoxicants offered in the vegetable bottles are not all alike, one being preferred by this sort of insect and another by that. But by far the most wonderful of the living "gin-mills" from Borneo are two which respectively invite slugs and frogs. The species affected by slugs has external ridges to guide these mollusks to the brim of the vessel, around the interior edge of which is a row of teeth to prevent them from getting out again, while the one patronized by frogs has each of its pitchers ornamented with a long and sharp thorn or spike projecting inward and downward, upon which Mr. Frog is impaled when he attempts to emerge. So far as insects are concerned, they are kept from escaping by means of microscopic hairs, which line the inside of the receptacle described, all pointing downward.



"BOY WANTED."

PEOPLE laughed when they saw the sign again. It seemed to be always in Mr. Peterson's window. For a day or two, sometimes for only an hour or two, it would be missing, but it was sure to appear again.

"What sort of a boy does he want, anyway?" one and another would ask. "All he wants is a fellow to run errands; it must be easy work and sure pay."

This was the way they talked to each other.

But Mr. Peterson wanted more than a boy to run errands. Albert found it out. He had been engaged that very morning, had been kept busy all the forenoon, and although he was a lazy boy, he rather enjoyed the work.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon that he was sent up to the attic, a dark, dingy place, inhabited by mice and cobwebs.

"You will find a long, deep box there," said Mr. Peterson, "which I want to have put in order. It stands right in the middle of the room—you can't miss it."

Albert looked doleful. "A long, deep box—I should think it was," he said to himself, as the attic door closed after him. "It would weigh almost a ton, I guess; and what is there in it? Nothing in the world but old nails and screws and pieces of iron and broken keys and things, rubbish, the whole of it. Nothing worth touching—and it is as dark as a pocket up here, and cold besides. How the wind blows in through these knot-holes!

There's a mouse! If there is anything I hate it's mice! I tell you, if old Peterson thinks I'm going to stay up here and tumble over his rusty nails, he's much mistaken. I wasn't bred for that kind of work.»

Whereupon Albert bounced down the attic stairs three at a bound, and was found lying in the show window an hour afterward, when Mr. Peterson appeared.

«Have you put the box in order already?» was the gentleman's question.

«I didn't find anything to put in order. There was nothing in it but nails and things.»

«Exactly. It was the nails and things that I wanted put in order. Did you do it?»

«No, sir. It was dark up there, and cold, and I didn't see anything that was worth doing. Besides, I thought that I was hired to run errands.»

«Oh,» said Mr. Peterson, «I thought you were hired to do as you were told.» But he smiled pleasantly enough, and at once gave Albert an errand to do down town, and the boy went off chuckling, declaring to himself that he knew how to manage the old fellow—all it needed was a little standing up for your rights.

Precisely at six o'clock, Albert was called and paid the sum promised him for a day's work; and then to his dismay, he was told that his services would not be needed any more.

The next morning the old sign «Boy Wanted» appeared in its usual place.

Before noon it was taken down and Harry Brown was the fortunate boy. Errands—plenty of them. He was kept busy until within an hour of closing. Then, behold, he was sent up to the attic to put the long box in order. He was not afraid of a mouse nor the cold, but he grumbled much over the box. Nothing in it was worth his attention. However, he tumbled over the things, growing all the time, picking out a few straight nails, a key or two, and finally appeared with the message: «here's all there is worth keeping

in the box. The rest of the nails are rusty and the hooks are bent or something.»

«Very well,» said Mr. Peterson; and sent him to the post-office.

What do you think? By the close of the next day, Harry had been paid and discharged, and the old sign hung in the window.

«I've no kind of notion why I was discharged,» grumbled Harry to his mother. «He said he had no fault to find, only he saw that I wouldn't suit. It's my opinion that he doesn't want a boy at all.»

It was Don Wilde who was hired next. He knew neither of the other boys, and so he did his errands in blissful ignorance of the «long box,» until the second morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he was sent to put it in order.

The morning passed, dinner-time came and still Don had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peterson called to him.

«Got through?»

«No, sir; there is ever so much more to do.»

«All right. It is dinner time now, and you may go back to it after dinner.»

After dinner back he went. All the short afternoon he was not heard from, but just as Mr. Peterson was deciding to call him again he appeared.

«I've done my best, sir,» he said; «and down at the very bottom of the box I found this.»

«This» was a five dollar gold piece.

«That's a queer place for gold,» said Mr. Peterson. «It's good you found it. Well, I suppose you will be on hand tomorrow morning.»

This he said as he was putting the gold piece in his pocket.

After Don had said good-night and gone, Mr. Peterson took the lantern and went slowly up the attic stairs. There was the long deep box in which the rubbish of twenty-five years had gathered. Don had evidently been to the bottom of it. He had taken pieces of shingles and made little boxes for the different articles, with lids of shingles

and labeled thus: good screws; picture tacks; horse nails; bolts; pieces of iron I don't know what for. The long box was in perfect order and very little that could really be called useful could be found within it.

But Mr. Peterson as he bent over and read the labels laughed gleefully and murmured to the mice: «If we are not both mistaken in finding everything like this, I'll treat. I have found a boy, and he has found a fortune, through his good will.»

Sure enough, the sign disappeared from the window and was seen no more. Don became the well-known errand boy of the firm of Peterson & Co. He had a little room,

neatly fitted up, next to the attic, where he spent his evenings, and at the foot of his bed hung a motto which Mr. Peterson gave him. «It tells of your fortune, don't forget it,» he said, then he laughed and read it curiously.

«He that is faithful and true in little is faithful in much.»

«I'll try to be, sir,» he said. And he often thought of the long box over which he had been so faithful.

Don Wilde is errand boy no longer. The firm is now Peterson & Wilde. The latter though a young man is a rich one. He has found his fortune, and has been successful in business.



MME. BAZAINE'S LIFE.

IATHOS and comedy, romance and adventure are strangely mingled in the career which came to an end when Mme. Bazaine died recently at a private hospital in the suburbs of the city of Mexico. During the last thirty years she twice passed from one extreme of life to the other. Every experience from a palace to a prison was hers. She was among the most brilliant figures at two great courts in two great continents. Each time she saw the throne about which the court was gathered swept away, and each time the fortunes of herself and her husband went down in the ruins. Once they were raised again to even grander heights of power and influence, but the second time the wreck was complete, absolute, final. Instead of being first among the counselors of an emperor, her husband, Marshal Bazaine, became a convicted criminal, condemned to death, but finally reprieved and sent to spend the remainder of his life in a castle dungeon. From this liv-

ing death he was rescued by the ingenuity and courage of his wife, who fled with him into exile, and was his faithful helpmate until death came to end his ruined career. Surely no woman ever lived a more romantic life or gave stronger proofs of that devotion which endures even unto death.

In 1865 the Austrian Archduke Maximilian was seated on the throne of Mexico. His court was almost as splendid as those of the monarchies of Europe, after which it was modelled, and by which it was supported. But already there were many indications of trouble ahead. The revolutionists were gathering in the interior. The churchmen were plotting in the capital itself. In this juncture Marshal Bazaine, a veteran French soldier of many wars in Europe and Africa, was made commander-in-chief of the armies of Maximilian. He was already a widower, having buried his young wife two years before his appointment. In his new position he showed himself a strong man, handling

the complicated questions which arose with firmness and discretion. In personal appearance he was a typical soldier, sturdy in figure and martial in bearing, carrying his fifty-four years like a boy of twenty.

One night in 1865 Emperor Maximilian gave a grand ball at his palace. Marshal Bazaine was foremost among the guests. As he was passing in state through the ball-room, a young Mexican girl, who had been waltzing, tore the skirt of her lace dress and stopped to repair it. The gallant French soldier was the first to come to her rescue. When the rent had been mended the young girl thanked the great man and walked away with her partner. But Marshal Bazaine had for the second time lost his heart.

«Who is this?» he asked his attendants.

He was told that the young woman was Mlle. De la Pena, the daughter of an ancient Mexican house. Then he excused himself, followed her through the crowds and begged the honor of an introduction.

Their courtship was short. Bazaine was a soldier, accustomed to taking fortresses by storm. Mlle. De la Pena had all the tropical warmth of nature. Their engagement was announced to the emperor. He gave them his blessing, believing that the marriage of his commander-in-chief to a native Mexican would tend to make his rule more popular and his throne more secure. When they were married the emperor gave the young girl as her dowry the palace of San Cosme, located in a beautiful suburb west of the capital city. It was an imperial gift, for the buildings and grounds were valued at more than \$100,000. The unfortunate Empress Carlotta gave the bride a magnificent necklace of diamonds.

The next two years were spent by Marshal Bazaine and his beautiful wife in and about the court. A child was born to them and never was husband more proud of wife and child than was the old soldier. Finally, the French army, under the pressure of the United States, was ordered to embark for

home, leaving Emperor Maximilian to his fate. Marshal Bazaine and his wife sailed with the fleet which took the soldiers back to France. On his arrival the marshal was greeted with a storm of reproaches. It was declared that he had played the part of a coward, but through it all he retained the confidence of his imperial master, Napoleon III.

Then came the most brilliant part of the career of the woman who died the other day in Mexico. Her husband was made a senator of France; he was placed in command of the army corps stationed at Nancy; later Napoleon emphasized the high value which he placed upon his services, and gave him chief command of the imperial guards. Meanwhile the young Mexican girl was received with equal favor at the gay court. Princes and dukes, marquises, counts and barons were as plentiful and as splendid as butterflies. Among them Mme. la Marechale took her place as a grand dame. Daily she rode in her glittering chariot through the magnificent avenue of the Champs Elysees, or in the winding and shady alleys of the forest of Boulogne. Life was all roses and sunshine on the surface, though the day of humiliation was near at hand.

The Franco-German war broke out. Marshal Bazaine, now about sixty years old, was in command of the third army corps. On August 3, 1870, he took command of the army of the Rhine, though he afterward claimed that he did so reluctantly, and only at the command of the emperor. This is not the place to follow the fortunes of the war, though Mme. Bazaine, one may be sure, did so with constantly increasing chagrin and fear. Finally came the fateful October day, when Marshal Bazaine surrendered his great army to the Germans, his entire command of 173,000 men marching out of Metz, leaving their arms, and, it was afterward charged, their honor behind them.

All manner of charges were made against Bazaine. It developed that he had held

communication with Bismarck, and, innocent or guilty, this was declared to be proof of his treachery. In 1873 he was tried by court-martial, convicted and condemned to death and military degradation. These were the days when Mme. Bazaine, still a young woman, suffered all that a woman may suffer. But she still retained absolute confidence in her husband, and did her best to comfort and support him during the trial.

The judges who had condemned also recommended clemency, and President MacMahon commuted the sentence to twenty years' seclusion in the Fort Saint Marguerite, near Cannes. Thus, at the age of sixty-two, the old soldier was locked up in the dungeon, while his wife, with her two children, remained outside in disgrace. But still she believed that her husband was innocent, and, innocent or guilty, she loved him. She determined to compass his escape, and she was not without friends to aid her in the task.

First of all she gained permission—this beautiful Mexican girl, not yet thirty years of age—to visit her old husband in his cell. By concealing it under her clothing, she carried into the prison a long rope. This she delivered to the marshal. One window of his cell looked down upon the sea, and through this window, six months after his incarceration, he finally made his escape.

The rope furnished by his wife was suspended from the cell window, and down it at midnight the old soldier slipped. At the bottom was a little boat. In it sat his devoted wife, while her cousin held the oars. Silently through the darkness they rowed out into the sea. There waited a ship ready to sail—this, too, arranged for by the care and hard work of the wife. On it the party em-

barked and the marshal and his wife were united once more.

The ship landed the fugitives in Italy, where they did not find a safe refuge. Accordingly they moved on to Cologne, Germany, and from that city to England. Finally they took up their permanent residence at Madrid, Spain, and there, until the marshal's death in 1888, the family lived.

That Mme. Bazaine implicitly believed in her husband's innocence, and that the marshal himself was sincere in the opinion that he was a scapegoat and a victim rather than a traitor, there can be no doubt. In 1874 he printed in a New York paper a long defense of his conduct in surrendering Metz, and nine years later he went over the ground in an elaborate volume. In all these efforts to clear his reputation as a soldier from stain he was seconded by his wife, who never lost faith in him. And whatever his faults as a soldier may have been, it appears to be certain that he was a kind and affectionate father and husband.

Some time after his death his widow went back to spend her last years in the land of her nativity. One may imagine the contrast between her departure, thirty years before, and her return. Once she had been second only to the Empress Carlotta at the imperial court. Now she came back the widow of an exiled soldier, branded as a traitor by the country for which he fought for thirty-five years.

After her return to Mexico she lived in comparative retirement. At the time of her death she was still only middle-aged. Her life was not long, but it was certainly marked by almost every possible change and variety of fortune.

Selected.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SIGNS OF THE LAST DAYS.

AMONG the things promised by the Lord to His Elders in the last days is that after their testimony should come the testimony of earthquakes, and the voice of thunderings, and of lightnings, and of tempests, and of the waves of the sea, heaving themselves beyond their bounds; as a result of which all things should be in commotion, and men's hearts should fail them, for fear should come upon all people. These signs were also to be looked for as preliminary to the coming of the Son of Man; and among those who had eyes to see, and ears to hear, and hearts to understand, these warnings were to be as a preparation for the mighty events that were soon to follow.

Surely recent years have witnessed the fulfillment of many of these predictions. The evidences that these are certainly the last days are multiplying on every hand. Within a few days past one of the principal Gulf cities of the country has been literally swept out of existence by the leaping of the waves of the sea beyond their bounds. Today the city of Galveston, is literally one vast slimy charnel-house, thousands of bodies of the dead—just how many no one has yet estimated—strewn the site and vicinity of the lately prosperous town. Sweeping across the whole country, with this city as its starting-point, went the voice of the tempest, tearing and destroying property and life in its path. Verily men's hearts have sickened and have failed them not only because of what they have heard and seen of this havoc, but because of fear as to where and when the next visitation of wrath might come!

Secret organizations are also multiplying in number and increasing in power—a menace and a sign concerning which the Latter-day Saints have had full notice from the beginning. Year by year these organizations increase in magnitude and in boldness, and

the difficulty of dealing with them is made more apparent. The relations of employers and employed become more and more strained, even in prosperous and peaceful times, and there is an ever-present threat of outbreak and violence. A general conflict between these classes, such as might occur at any time, would be so dreadful and far-reaching in its effects that no parallel in history could be found for it. Even the rising of slaves against their masters, of which the records of the past furnish us some examples, and which is a conflict notoriously cruel and ferocious, gives only a feeble idea as to what this class-war might become because of the strength and organization of the respective parties and the bitterness of feeling which has been engendered. A thought as to what the future may bring forth in this respect adds another to the many fears which already oppress men's minds. If to the dread and misgiving which mankind feel as to the fury of the elements, be added the feeling that the people of many civilized governments today are walking upon the thin crust of a slumbering social volcano, it will be easy to see how men's hearts shall fail them and they be found running here and there in the search for safety, which they know not how to find.

WORDS USED IN CONFIRMING MEMBERS.

AN esteemed correspondent, who lives in Arizona, writes to us to know whether there has been any change made in the words used in confirming members of the Church. His reason for asking this question, is that one of the brethren who lives in the settlement has been at the Salt Lake Temple attending to ordinances. Upon his return he informed the officers of the Church there that they did not use the same words in confirming members of the Church that are used in the temple. He quotes the words used in the temple as being, "We give you the Holy

Ghost," instead of saying "We give unto you the gift of the Holy Ghost," which seems to be the form used where he lived.

The words used in the temple in confirming members in the Church are, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," and though there may be some deviation from that by some persons, that is the phraseology used not only in the temple but by the Elders generally; for the First Presidency have so instructed.

Our correspondent mentions the Book of Covenants, but the Book of Covenants gives no form of confirmation. There are two or

three references in that book to the subject of laying on of hands. One is found in section 39, paragraph 23, where it says:

"And again it shall come to pass, that on as many as ye shall baptize with water, ye shall lay your hands, and they shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and shall be looking forth for the signs of my coming, and shall know me;" and the other in section 49, paragraph 14: "And whoso doeth this shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, by the laying on of hands of the Elders of this Church."



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE "HIRED GIRL" PROBLEM.

THE term "beehive" is so popularly associated with Utah and her people, and also with probably the most notable private residence in the State, that a citizen of this commonwealth may well be pardoned for stopping in his reading to give particular notice to any use of the word outside of its strictly literal meaning; and the fact that there is a "beehive" school in New York State will naturally excite curiosity as to what the institution and its methods and objects may be.

In truth, the school referred to justifies a moment's examination. It is an establishment where girls take a practical course in learning how to be competent domestic servants or "hired household help." More than that, it teaches its pupils housekeeping "in all its branches," and thus in its evening classes gives factory girls and shop girls a chance to acquaint themselves with the duties which in the great majority of cases will come to them with marriage. They are taught the mysteries of market gardening—that is, they learn about the planting and gathering of

vegetables and fruits, their respective nutritive properties, etc., and of course the best and most wholesome manner of cooking them. They take a three weeks' practical term as cook, kitchenmaid, laundress, chambermaid, and waitress respectively, and though each may have shown very soon which particular line she has the greatest aptitude for, and is encouraged to adopt that one, she is not excused from the training and instruction belonging to the other lines. The object is to send out women thoroughly equipped for household work, and the reports are that the results are highly satisfactory. An important part of the instruction is the study of the chemistry of the different foods, and their effects upon the human body.

The so-called servant problem will probably not be solved by this means—that problem existing rather in the getting of hired help at all rather than in getting always the best quality. Yet it is believed it will contribute to its solution, by providing a class of trained and educated help who can be regarded not so much the mere drudge of the household as a sort of working housekeepers and friends of the family. Too many mistresses are

without consideration for the rights and feelings of their hired girls. They seem unable to look upon those whom they employ as anything but inferiors, with whom any familiarity or friendship would be improper. They do not take an interest in their "girls," and hence the aversion of these, and of their parents especially, to allow the girls to go out to service.

Among Latter-day Saints the practice of the world in these respects—that is, haughtiness of mistresses toward their help and total indifference as to their welfare, their associations, the manner in which they expend their money, their hours, etc., so long as they perform their stinted amount of work—ought not to exist. Every woman whose circumstances enable her to afford a hired girl, ought to put herself mentally in the position of that girl and of that girl's mother. She ought to manifest a friendly interest in the girl's welfare, and by example and advice encourage her to good behavior and habits. She ought to remember that poverty is no disgrace and no crime; that the distinction between those who have to work for their living and those who do not, is not recognized in the actual value of souls. Wealth adds no merit to its possessor only as it gives him or her increased opportunity for usefulness; and under the bib and coarse dress of many a hired girl is a larger heart and a nobler spirit than in those who are clad sumptuously and play the society part in the parlor.

The "problem" exists in our communities, as well as others, and perhaps the partial cause and cure for it may be found in the foregoing sentences. But besides this, the tendency nowadays among young women is toward stores, shops, offices and factories, rather than toward the household, with its round of homely duties. To those who follow this inclination, such a school as has been alluded to, and other schools or classes similarly planned, should prove of great benefit. Every young woman has a right to expect to

become a wife and mother. If from childhood up she has chosen other pursuits than those of the household, and reaches womanhood without any knowledge as to the economy and management of a home, she should even at a later day proceed to study the branches, for no woman ought to be ignorant of the practical duties of housekeeper and thus entirely dependent upon and at the mercy of hired help. As to the difficulty of obtaining the help when necessary—that, presumably, will continue as long as to girls of ambition and intellect other avenues of employment are open. This phase of the "problem" can perhaps be solved more easily at present by a system of co-operation than by any other. The completest solution is given in the plan for the United Order as explained by President Brigham Young, where each one in the community shall have his or her appointed duties, and all the work shall be divided in a manner requiring each one to do his part. Until this perfect plan shall be made practicable, however, the co-operation of families in a general kitchen, dining-room, laundry, etc., would seem most feasible and economical. A number of families living near together could unite in maintaining a co-operative kitchen, in which well-trained help could be employed at a figure which would not prove too large for the whole number of partners, yet which no one of them would be able to afford alone. In such an arrangement as this, there is not only much satisfaction to the partners in the scheme, but much economy as well, since the expense of providing and cooking food is decreased in proportion to the amount of food or the number of persons for whom it is furnished. Such a plan has been tried and found effective in several of the larger cities of the world. There is no reason at all why it cannot be made a success in our communities where brethren and sisters are situated so that they can become sharers in its savings and advantages.

The Editor.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

FAVIE'S SCRAPES AND SCRAMBLES.

XII.

Play, children, play! Your morning is not long:
Your noon will soon appear, then, sooner still,
the night:

Earth is more joyous for your mirth and song;
Its darkest days less dark because of your delight.
Do all you can to chase the clouds away,
And bring the sunshine in—play, children, play!
But work, as well! There's so much to be done:
So much that needs the help of small as well as
great:

Divide your time, and in your work find fun;
And from your lessons pleasures sweet create.
Play on, work on, and fill your little day
With happy sunshine while your work and play.

A settlement of the Saints called Kanesville was the next resting-place of the Kane family, as they moved on westward. They located there in 1848.

Favie was ten years old then. His father was away from home most of the time, working with his horse team, either earning family supplies, or helping to move widows and others of the poorer Saints forward to the west. Offices of trust and responsibility were placed upon Brother Kane, and he was advised to stay with others of the Saints for some years at Kanesville, instead of traveling on to Salt Lake that year. Favie and Rhoda went to school in the winter.

The next spring, 1849, on Easter Sunday, the 8th of April, another little sister was born to them.

Rhoda was delighted with that baby, and so was little Mattie. To them, nothing had ever seemed quite so dear and lovely as that baby sister, which was named Lily. But Favie was more disappointed than ever be-

fore. At first he thought he never would look at that baby, or have anything to say to it. To think of having had seven sisters born and not one brother, seemed to him a misfortune that he could not get over.

But he did get over it very soon; and like Rhoda and Mattie, and all the rest, he finally came to think that good-natured, loving baby Lily was about the nicest thing in the world.

Even Sister Kane said to her husband of that baby, it seemed as though every child that was born to them she loved better and better. And Brother Kane answered, "Keep on loving better and better; and by-and-by your love will become perfect."

In the fall of 1850, Brother Kane took his wife and the two younger children, Mattie and Lily, and went back to Ohio, where some of their relatives were still living. They went to visit Sister Kane's parents, and some of their brothers and sisters, before taking the long journey across the Plains. Favie and Rhoda were left in charge of things at home.

After their parents were gone, Favie, with a neighbor boy, used to go into the timber and cut and haul cord-wood. It would take them two days to cut a cord and get it to town and sell it, when they would have 75 cents between them. And then they would haul a load of small wood for "Mother Annis," to pay her for the use of her oxen and wagon, with which they had hauled their own.

After that, Favie went to work in a brick yard for a Brother Hill, who paid him 25 cents a day. When Saturday night came, he had his \$1.50, and felt as though he were almost a man.

That same winter, after the folks got back

from Ohio, Favie's father sent him with the team 50 miles north, with a company, to build log houses and start a «Poor Farm,» as it was called. Favie returned home, and then made another trip to help move families up there to make their fit-out to go to the valleys of the mountains.

The next summer brought Favie the greatest blessing of his life, so far, he thought. On the 16th of June, 1851, his first baby brother was born. And Favie was so happy then, he thought he would never do a thing in his life again that could worry his dear father and mother, or hurt anybody's feelings. The Lord had been so good to him, he wanted only to be good himself forever. O! how beautiful that baby brother was! How the little sisters loved to tend him! He was named John, for their dear, good Grandpa Kane. How fast baby John grew, and how bright and sweet he was!

One day four-year-old Mattie was holding the baby and sitting on a low, round box in the center of the room. A little thunder storm came up suddenly, and the children were rushing about, bringing in clothes that were hung out to dry, shutting windows, and slamming doors. Little Mattie was tumbled off the box with baby in her arms. What a struggle she had to keep the dear baby head from getting bumped!

«Nellie, oh, Nellie!» she cried, «help me!»

Nellie took baby John first, and then helped Mattie up, for the little nurse girl was considerably hurt. Her elbow was bruised and skinned, but she said she didn't care a bit for that as long as baby was not hurt. And he was not hurt in the least; he just laughed over the excitement. And Mattie was praised for being brave and keeping

baby's head from bumping, and letting her arm be hurt instead.

Favie commenced hoarding up things that boys like to have, much more carefully for baby brother than he had ever done for himself. The prettiest marbles he could get, the finest pocket-knife, and all such things, were brought to his mother to be taken care of till the baby would be old enough to play with them. Oh, what nice times they were all looking forward to when baby John would be old enough to walk! The time slipped by until he was six and a half months old, and he could walk then, all over the house, by holding on to things. And Mattie and Lily told him that very soon he could go with them to meet Papa; that they would each take hold of one of his hands, and run to Papa, and make him glad. And John laughed and stamped with his little feet, and clapped his hands for «patty-cakes.»

It was near the last of December. Most of the «Mormons» at Kanesville were preparing to leave for the Rocky Mountains in the spring. Some of the more prominent Mormons and Gentiles, having been associated in business, thought it would be a fitting expression of the good will they held for each other to have a grand New Year's ball together. So their arrangements were made, and the party came off on the evening of the first of January, 1852. Supper was served during the evening, two long tables being filled and surrounded, one principally with «Mormons,» the other with Gentiles.

Now, children, I am going to tell you a terrible, *sickening* truth, in connection with that New Year's supper. And the thought of it may be a benefit to some of you, by helping you to remember the danger there is in

breaking any of the commandments of God. The lesson to be learned in this instance relates particularly to the keeping, or breaking, of «The Word of Wisdom,» which the Lord, in great kindness, had given as a warning to His people, nearly twenty years before that time. He told them why that revelation was given, saying, «in consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation.» Study that revelation, children, until you understand it, and know it. (Section 89, of the Doctrine and Covenants.) For other consequences might yet follow the breaking of that law, as serious as those of which I shall now tell you.

A certain unprincipled man, known as Dr. Cook, had made boasts that after the party the «Mormons» would all come down with a disease, but the Gentiles would not.

I have said that at the supper the «Mormons» nearly all sat at one table and the Gentiles at the other. Of those who sat at the former table, *every person who drank tea or coffee, was very soon stricken down with illness.*

An unsuspecting Gentile merchant, and his wife, happening to get seated at the table with the «Mormons,» and taking, one of them coffee and the other tea, were both poisoned and came near dying with the dread disease which the enemies of the Saints had designed for them.

Brother Kane had his daughter Rhoda for his lady at the party. They sat side by side at the table; Brother Kane drank a cup of tea and his daughter a glass of water. Sorrowful indeed were the consequences there. Rhoda never had the slightest sign of the disease. But the father soon broke out with

it, and from him, the three younger children of the family caught the contagion.

A few weeks passed, and then Mattie and Lily, with their innocent, childish faces all pitted and discolored, and their heads bald, having lost their hair, were able to leave the sick bed and began to move about the house. And soon after, they were well. But the darling of the household, the lovely, precious baby John, would never laugh and play with them any more. He had died of the dread disease.

Mother Annis and her son Norman, both of whom had previously had the disease and were not afraid of it, were the only friends who dared to come and help Sister Kane in her time of sore affliction.

After the body of baby John was put into its coffin and was ready for burial, Norman took the little box in his arms, and went away around through a back street, so as not to pass near the houses and frighten the people; and all alone he buried that best beloved little brother.

Favie was sick, not with the same disease; his mother and three older sisters were not sick at all, except with fatigue, anxiety and grief for the suffering and loss of their loved ones.

Favie's sorrow over the death of his baby brother was very great. It almost seemed to him as though the sunshine would never look bright or the world lovely to him any more. His heart was a very tender and sympathetic one, and his love for his dear parents made him feel the loss even more keenly because of their bereavement. But they all had to brace up and prepare for the duties before them.

Ox teams were being used, mostly, in the great journey of the Saints across the Plains.

So Brother Kane bought two young steers, which he told Favie he might yoke up and break, so they would be ready to travel with. He also said Favie could have whatever means he could make with them. This pleased Favie greatly. And although he was still only a child, and not large for his age, he set to work very diligently and patiently, and soon had the young oxen tamed and steady so he could work them. He seemed to have a knack for taming and teaching animals. And it was surprising to see how soon his little ox team knew what he said to them, and how readily they gave heed. When he would say "Go on, Buck and Berry," the team knew he was ready, and would start along. If he said "Gee," they knew what he meant and would turn toward the right, but if he said "Haw," they would turn toward him. And when he said "Whoa," they knew they must stop. Favie soon found work with his team. And he could make from two to six dollars some days. This made him feel that he was getting quite rich. And indeed he was a great help to his mother. For he did not spend the money he got in a selfish way for his own comfort. Instead of doing so, he felt that he must help to buy whatever was needed in the house. Sometimes he brought home candles, if he knew his mother was without them. Sometimes it would be a piece of calico to make his sisters some aprons, or if one was needing them, a pair of shoes. Favie was not in the least stingy. In fact he was always too ready to spend his earnings freely. *L. L. Greene Richards.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO THE LETTER-BOX.

OAKLEY.

I go to Sunday School, Primary and day

school. I am the secretary of the Oakley Primary. I love my president and teachers. I have one sister and four brothers. My little brother was thrown off a horse a short time ago and hurt very badly. My Papa administered to him and he got better immediately and is well and healthy now. Hoping to see my letter printed in the JUVENILE,

I am your friend,

DORA MAXWELL. Aged 13.



GILES, UTAH.

I take great pleasure in reading the little letters in the JUVENILE, which my sister takes. I go to Sunday School and Primary and like my teachers. I lately went to conference, which was ten miles from here, and had a nice time. Three years ago I went with my father and mother to Manti where my uncle lives, and I had a good time there. We were gone from home two weeks. I would like to have had the pleasure of going inside the Temple, but I could not at that time. I have three brothers and four sisters. I would like to see my letter in print.

Your new friend,

MELISSA LANCE. Aged 13.



FRANKLIN, IDAHO.

I like to read the little letters that are in the JUVENILE. I go to Sunday School, also Primary every Friday at three o'clock. I have a little black dog. I have three sisters and five brothers. One of my brothers is on a mission. I have lots of playmates here in Franklin, and I have a kind father and mother.

ETHEL DURRANT. Aged 10.



SMITHFIELD, UTAH.

My doll will be a year old the Christmas

coming, if it don't get broken. Its name is Gracie. We have a baby named Maurice who we think is the nicest baby in town. He can nearly walk alone, and he will be a year old the 24th of January. I go to school and am in the high chart. I also go to Sunday School and Primary. I am a little Mormon girl.

Your friend,
HAZEL MILES.



FRANKLIN, IDAHO.

I like to read the little letters. So I thought I would write too. I have a little yellow and white kitten. I have two sisters and two brothers and I have a brother dead. I have a grandma staying with us. I go to Sunday School and Primary all the time. My Papa has been on three missions. This is all for this time.

BLANCHE BRABY. Aged 10.



LOGAN, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEV.

I have been reading your little letters, and I thought I would write to you. I am going to school and I like to go and learn to read and write. My Papa has gone on a mission and Mama has no one to help her work but me. It is nice and warm here all the time. We live in a warm country.

ANSEL HUNTSMAN.



FILLMORE, UTAH.

I go to Sunday School and Primary. I have two brothers and one sister. I enjoy reading your letters, so Mama thought it would be nice to write. This is the first letter I have ever written. We go in a very nice

schoolhouse and it has a large tower and they have a flag on it.

ELLA BRUNSON. Aged 11.



OAKLEY, IDAHO.

I like to read the letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. This is my first attempt to write to the Letter-box. My brother got his hand in the pulley when we were putting up our hay. My sister and I prayed for him and his hand is nearly well. I go to school and am in the fourth grade.

EDWARD TUTTLE. Aged 9.



POPLAR DISTRICT, UTAH.

This is the first time I have written to your readers. I am glad to have the privilege to do so, as I have read many of the little letters in the JUVENILE. I go to Sunday School and am in the fourth reader. I am my parents' only child.

ANZLEY MILLER. Aged 12.



PROVO CITY, UTAH.

My home is in Provo Second ward. I go to Sunday School and have a very kind teacher. I study the Leaflet. My lessons are the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, and it is a very interesting study.

EDWIN HENRICKSEN. Aged 9.



SMITHFIELD, CACHE COUNTY, UTAH.

We have taken the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for a long while, and I thought I would take pleasure in writing to the Letter-box. I read all the pieces and the letters. I go to Sunday School and Primary. Last Sunday was our ward conference, and Apostle Mer-

rill was here. I have four brothers and two sisters. Our baby is a boy two weeks old. His name is Charles Oliver. Three years ago my little brother's throat was awfully sore and he had a fever. We thought he was going to die. Grandpa Woodruff prayed for him in the Salt Lake Temple, and we put our trust in the Lord, and he got better. One year ago my father came home from a mission. He went to the Southern States and stayed there two years. He is the Bishop of Smithfield. We are farmers and farm for a living. I trust the Lord will bless all the interests of Zion.

KATIE WOODRUFF. Aged 11.



MIDWAY.

I am a little Mormon girl and have always lived out of town on a farm. We take the JUVENILE, and I like to read the little letters from the girls and boys. My Papa is up in Canada, and he likes the country, and thinks we will move there some time. I was very sick after Papa left, and Mama thought I would die, but the Elders came and administered to me and I soon got well. I know the Lord will help us when we ask Him in faith. I like to go to Sunday School. I go to day school and I like it very well.

JENNIE M. PYPER. Aged 8.



PIMA, ARIZONA.

I thought I would write to the Letter-box. I love to read the little letters and thought you would like to hear from me. I will tell you of my birthday present; when I was 12 years old my Papa subscribed for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I was very much pleased with it, for it was the nicest present I ever had. I go to school and like my teacher

very much. I go to Sunday School and Primary. I will close for this time. Your loving friend,

GENEVA WILLIAMS.



WOODVILLE, IDAHO.

I have been reading your letters, and thought I would write one. I am 12 years old. I have two brothers and two sisters. I have an aged grandmother living with us. She is eighty-two years old. She got a prize for being the oldest lady at the old folks' gathering. It was a nice rocking-chair. I will close and leave space for the rest of my little friends' letters.

ALTA THOMPSON.



WHERE THE SPANKWEED GROWS.

There's a corner in our garden, but my nurse won't tell me where,
That little boys must never see, but always must beware.

And in that corner, all the year, in rows, and rows, and rows,

A dreadful little flower called the

Spankweed

Grows!

My nursie says that if a boy who doesn't wash his face,

Or pulls his little sister's hair, should ever find that place,

The Spankweed just would jump at him, and dust his little clo'es.

Oh, its never safe for fellers where the

Spankweed

Grows!

Some day I'll get the sickle from our hired man and then

I'll go and find that Spankweed place—its somewhere in the glen.

And when I get a-swingin' it an' puttin' in my blows,

I bet there'll be excitement where the

Spankweed

Grows!

Selected.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY A MEMBER OF THE BOARD.

SUNDAY SCHOOL DISCIPLINE. XVI.—ATTENDANCE.

THE attendance at the Sabbath School is one of the most general problems which the Sunday School has to solve. It is difficult because of the very large percentage of children in many of the communities that never enter the Sunday School from one year's end to another, and it is important because of the large number who are extremely irregular in their attendance. The question divides itself very naturally into two parts: first, that which relates to the power to retain students regularly who have already been enrolled, and the second, to secure the attendance of new students. No definite rules can be given that will fit the conditions of all communities alike. Besides, each community has its own peculiarities, and these must be met by the ingenuity and good sense of the Sunday School officers. In the first place the superintendent, as well as teachers, should have inventive power and display considerable tact in dealing with both students and parents. There are, however, some general rules by which the Sabbath School attendance may be more satisfactorily governed. In the first place, when the school is made interesting and the work becomes agreeable to the students, the school will not only possess the power to retain the students which it already has, but will gather constantly new recruits. If the students manifest considerable pleasure and enthusiasm in their Sunday School, the spirit which they there receive will in time be disseminated among their playmates, and the interest will become general. There are always a considerable number of students who will attend from a sense of duty. But however well they may discharge that duty and fulfill their personal obligations to the Sabbath School, they are not likely to be very

good missionaries of Sunday School work among their fellows if they are not fully in sympathy with their work. For that reason every effort should be made to create interest and pleasure in the work, so that every Sabbath will bring some peculiar interest and pleasure to the school at large. In this way the students themselves will become missionaries to their companions, and this is perhaps one of the most satisfactory means of creating an increased attendance, because when the attendance is increased in this way it is likely to be permanent. It does not represent an enthusiastic outburst which soon subsides and leaves the school weaker than ever before.

It would be useless to employ external means of increasing the attendance if the Sabbath School is not of such a character as to retain the students when they have become once enrolled. I think, therefore, that the thing to emphasize is the constant interest which the students are likely to feel in the school. The hour and a half or two hours should be made both pleasurable and profitable, and an enthusiastic and patriotic feeling and pride should be disseminated among the students. Of course that means good discipline generally. It means good teaching, and with good teaching excellent teachers; teachers whose magnetic influence, whose devotion and fervor, become a source of inspiration and satisfaction to all the members of their classes.

The efforts to secure the attendance of new students may be made in a variety of ways, and that is generally the problem which receives considerable attention in the discussions that go on at teachers' meetings. Next to the assistance which the students give by their efforts, the assistance given by the parents is perhaps of the most consequence. During the summer months there is an ap-

parent falling off in numbers, and especially among the boys. Is this because the boys are called away from home? Is it because there are labors which engage their time and efforts? Or is it because of some passing conditions that may by a little effort be overcome? It may be true that some boys work hard all the week and are somewhat exhausted on a Sabbath morning, but the chances are that it is the parents at home who become indifferent on a Sunday morning. It is they who have worked hard. It is they who give themselves up to feelings and to the spirit of indifference, and who retard the interest of their children on a Sabbath morning. If they are not prepared for breakfast before nine or ten o'clock, if they lie in bed one or two hours later than usual and the work about the home has been greatly hindered, they cannot very well urge upon their children the necessity of a punctuality and an interest which the parents themselves do not possess.

In some places the Sunday School missionaries have been asked to visit the homes not only of those who never attend the Sunday School, but of those who are irregular. This is an excellent practice, and has no doubt brought about excellent results in places where it has been practiced, and I suggest that it may be supplemented by the work of the regular teachers who visit the homes of the Saints from month to month. If the ward teachers would make the Sabbath School an important question in their catechization, if they would put stress upon the importance of the Sabbath School work and bring it constantly to the attention of the parents, there is no doubt that it would have a most excellent effect in swelling the numbers of the school.

There are always in every community a certain number of indifferent boys and sometimes a few indifferent girls. But the irregular and indifferent ones are found for the most part among the boys, and it frequently happens that the young leaders among boys are very influential in creating a sentiment

either in favor of or against the Sunday School. There are boys who frequently are natural leaders among their fellows, and whose influence is very widely felt. If these wayward leaders of the youth could be effectively entrapped and brought within the influence of the Sabbath School, it would have a very great influence upon large numbers of their fellow playmates.

There is a right and a wrong way to secure the interest of young boys, and it is very frequently wrong simply to ask a boy on a Sabbath morning whether or not he is going to Sunday School, especially if he is not in the habit of going. Such a question does not convey so much an invitation as it does a rebuke, and is rarely ever effectual. Let the teacher or Sunday School officer first enlist the sympathy and good will of the young men whose attendance he seeks. Let him manifest an interest in their welfare, and in time he will create a personal sympathy between him and them, and they after a while will be anxious to please the teacher, as he has been willing to please them. When he has once secured their confidence and good will they will find it almost impossible to resist or deny his invitations to the Sabbath School. They will naturally desire to be where he is, because they enjoy his society and feel that he has a personal interest in them. This means implies a gradual increase one by one according to the number of teachers who engage in this policy of increasing the attendance in the Sabbath School. But it will be effectual because it often happens that that class of students are natural leaders among their fellows and will in time wield a very potent influence over their companions.

In conclusion I should say further that as far as possible a distinct character should be given to the school. A patriotic feeling, or, if you prefer, a religious pride, should be awakened in the community and the community made to feel that the Sabbath School is one of the choicest of its institutions, and the one deserving of the

highest consideration of every Latter-day Saint. To accomplish this the school and the work should be brought constantly to the attention of the people, not only by the block teachers, but by the presiding authorities of the ward, as well as by the officers and teachers of the school. There should be distinct Sabbath School amusements, and whatever organizations will give it a distinct character in public esteem. If the Sunday School rises to a high place of public importance it will be its own greatest attraction and will itself secure the largest and most stable attendance.

J. M. Tanner.



ANNUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE OF CASSIA STAKE.

Minutes of the Sunday School conference of Cassia Stake, which convened at Elba, July 28th and 29th, 1900. Called to order by Stake Superintendent O. P. Bates. The brethren of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board present were Thomas C. Griggs and Levi W. Richards. Roll call of schools showed five schools represented.

Singing by conference, «Beautiful Zion.»

Opening prayer was offered by Assistant Stake Superintendent Loren J. Robinson.

Singing, «Little Children, Love the Savior.»

Superintendent O. P. Bates was pleased in meeting in conference; gave a report of the schools of the stake, which were in a good condition. He said it took some time to visit all the schools, as the stake is large, covering several hundred miles; he advised all Sunday School officers and teachers to study the Treatise.

Superintendent J. J. Millard of the Oakley school reported the condition of that school, and said all the officers and teachers were keeping the «Word of Wisdom.»

Class exercise from the second intermediate class of the Albion school.

The Ten Commandments were repeated in concert.

Superintendent Robert J. Evans reported

the condition of the Almo Sunday School, and said the Word of Wisdom was not strictly observed by all the officers and teachers, but all were trying to overcome their weaknesses. The school is in fair condition.

A class exercise was given by the primary class of Elba school.

Brother Thomas C. Griggs of the Union Board addressed the conference. He was pleased with the order and attention given by the children, and said our conferences were intended to be models, and that our school exercises should be conducted in a similar manner—always commencing on time. He said every school in the stake should be represented by either superintendent or assistants at all stake Sunday School conferences, and instructed the schools how to raise their hands in voting.

Brother Levi W. Richards of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board was pleased in meeting in conference, and said this was a valuable work. He felt the absence of President Haight who had been called to the other world. Gave some timely instructions.

«In Our Lovely Deseret,» was sung. Benediction by Bishop Thomas Taylor.

Saturday, two p. m.—Opened with singing, «Our Jubilee,» by congregation. Prayer was offered by Brother H. C. Haight. Singing, «Joseph Smith's First Prayer,» Roll call of schools showed seven represented.

First Assistant Stake Superintendent Loren J. Robinson reported his labors in the stake. Said all the schools were making some advancement.

Superintendent R. L. Wilson reported the North Oakley School. Said it was in fair condition. The school had paid last year one hundred and ten per cent of the nickel donation.

A class exercise was given by the second intermediate class of North Oakley school.

The Articles of Faith were recited in concert by the congregation.

Superintendent Reece Harper reported the

Albion school and said all were obeying the Word of Wisdom.

A class exercise was given by the second intermediate class of Almo school; subject, "Faith."

Brother L. W. Richards addressed the conference. He expressed pleasure in witnessing the exercises. Said in learning the Articles of Faith or Ten Commandments we should learn the number of each, as we can remember them better by so doing. Advised all to study the Bible, so if called to do missionary work they will be prepared to do good work. Said young ladies were now being called upon missions. Instructed the superintendents of schools to subscribe for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Felt to bless the workers of the Sunday Schools. The result of Sunday School work was like bread cast upon the water only to return in due time.

Superintendent O. P. Bates made a few closing remarks, after which "The Iron Rod" was sung. Benediction by Brother L. W. Richards.

Sunday morning, ten a. m.—Singing, "Guide Me to Thee." Prayer by Brother L. W. Robbins. Singing, "Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains." Roll called, showing eight schools represented.

Superintendent Joseph Tracy reported the George Creek school.

The "Testimony of the Three Witnesses" was recited in concert by those assembled, led by Superintendent Beecher of the Elba school.

Brother George Hadfield, stake Sunday School missionary, addressed the conference. Expressed his desire to assist in the Sunday School work, and help to educate the young people in the principles of the Gospel.

Brother Griggs spoke interestingly upon Sabbath School organization; instructed the superintendents to see to it that their assistants carried their part of the labor; also that stake superintendents should encourage ward superintendents in their labors. Said all

schools should commence promptly on time and encouraged the use of the Sunday School hymn book.

Brother Richards discouraged the use of all hot and strong drinks. He said persons using tea and coffee were more apt to contract disease. He denounced the cigarette habit, and hoped our young people would not acquire the habit of using tobacco.

Singing, "Ere the Sun Goes Down." Benediction by President W. T. Harper.

Conference reconvened at two p. m.—Opened with singing, "Beautiful Words of Love." Prayer by Bishop R. H. Hunter. Singing, "Waiting for the Reapers." Roll was called, showing ten schools represented.

During the administration of the sacrament, Brother L. W. Richards spoke upon the proper administration of the same; said all should learn the prayers and repeat the same correctly as they were given by revelation.

Elder Ray Mecham, a lately returned missionary, addressed the conference, gave some timely remarks to all present.

The general and local Sunday School authorities were presented and sustained.

"Kind Words are Sweet Tones of the Heart," was sung by Sister Bertha Bates, the congregation joining in the chorus.

President Wm. T. Harper, representing the stake presidency, addressed the conference, remarking that he felt well paid for coming out, as he had been instructed by the exercises. Said Presidents Jack and Smith were at Carey, Idaho, holding ward conference, and could not attend. Called upon those present who were breaking the Word of Wisdom to repent and turn from their wicked ways and serve the Lord.

Bishop Taylor, of Elba, was well pleased with the conference. Bore his testimony to the Gospel.

Brother Griggs spoke upon the nickel donation, explaining how the money was used. Advised the people not to become entangled

with secret societies. Encouraged the young people to marry and live virtuous lives.

Brother Richards followed in the same strain. Advised Sunday School workers not to mix too much in politics. Said we should teach our children the law of tithing. He closed by asking the blessings of the Lord on all the Sunday School workers.

Superintendent O. P. Bates made some interesting closing remarks, requesting all to put into practice the admonitions of the visiting brethren.

Singing by conference, «Day of Rest.» Benediction by Brother T. C. Griggs.

An officers' and teachers' meeting was held immediately after the conference adjourned Sunday at 12 o'clock. Many good instructions were given by Brother Griggs in regard to Sunday School work. He explained the object of and mode of conducting teachers' meetings. Said lessons should be mapped out some months ahead. Advocated stake union meetings of officers and teachers. Testimony bearing should be encouraged, but should not be forced upon the children. After the answering of some questions that were asked by Sunday School workers, meeting was brought to a close. Benediction by Brother Reece Harper.

H. C. Haight, Secretary.



ANNUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE OF BOX ELDER STAKE.

Elder Charles D. Brown, secretary of the Sunday Schools of Box Elder Stake, furnishes us a report of the annual Sunday School conference of that stake from which we cull the following notes: The conference was held in the Tabernacle, Brigham City, Saturday and Sunday, July 28th and 29th, Stake Superintendent A. H. Snow presiding. The Deseret Sunday School Union was represented by Elders J. M. Tanner and John M. Mills. The building was handsomely decorated with banners, flags, flowers, etc., by I. H. Bott, I. F. Bowring and Sister Hattie Wight. The visiting brethren gave timely and eloquent discourses upon the fraternity

of Sunday School workers; mental, physical and spiritual training of the young people of our community; the plan of salvation; punctuality; discipline; force of habit; Word of Wisdom, etc.

Stake Superintendent A. H. Snow and his assistants, J. H. Bott and J. D. Call, in reporting their labors said their association had been harmonious, they met weekly, the remote schools of Park Valley and Snowville had been visited. The schools were improving and the officers thereof were willing to receive and follow the instructions given them. The fourth Sunday in each month had been adopted as visiting day for Sunday School officers. The president of the stake, Charles Kelly, in contrasting the Sunday School work of thirty years ago with that of today felt good progress had been made.

The concerted recitations and class exercises presented were of the most satisfactory character; those taking part in the latter were the First, Second, Third and North wards of Brigham City and Bear River City ward.

During the administration of the sacrament by the Bishopric of the First ward, Bishop L. N. Stohl spoke upon its institution and its teachings. In the presentation of the stake Sunday School authorities beside those already named were stake organist, Sister Armelia Graehl; assistant organist Isabel Jensen; aids to board, John F. Bowring, W. V. Bunderson, Waldemar Madsen and John Bott, Jr.

Written responses to the twenty-one questions for superintendents to answer were made without an exception. The musical exercises were conducted by Sister Armelia Graehl and Brother Victor Madsen, and were appreciated.



EASTERN STATES MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

The presidents of missions within the confines of the United States were requested to

furnish us a statement of the Sunday School work in their several fields of labor. In response President William H. Smart, of the Eastern States Mission, forwards the following interesting report:

LATTER-DAY SAINTS' EASTERN STATES MISSION,
50 CONCORD ST., BROOKLYN,
August 29, 1900.

Horace S. Ensign,

General Secretary, S. S. Union Board,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

DEAR BROTHER:—Your communication of August 13th, with reference to historical data connected with the Sunday School cause in the Eastern States Mission, was duly received and given immediate attention. Reports upon the subject coming in from the various conferences, enable us to furnish you the following information:

The general plan of work is very similar to that followed at home in the various stakes of Zion. The schools while not accurately graded, generally are divided into two specific departments viz., theological and primary; and in many instances the Elders, under whose direction and management the schools were organized, act as officers and teachers. This fact makes it apparent that when such Elders are released, or removed to other localities, the schools would be greatly crippled or disorganized entirely. The fact is the Eastern States Mission is of recent formation, and the fields of operations are practically new. Permanent Sunday School work on an extensive scale is not yet an accomplished fact. Temporary organizations have flourished for a time in different localities; and then, owing to release or transference of Elders, emigration of Saints, etc., have been disbanded.

In some cases the chief purpose of these temporary organizations has been the formation of a theological class in which the Elders in the immediate vicinity could take up a systematic course of Gospel study; and at the same time teach the principles of life

and salvation to others who might be willing to ally themselves with the movement. In this way great good was accomplished.

In some cases in the theological department Talmage's «Articles of Faith» has been the text-book used, and in others, Sunday School Leaflets have been followed, while in others one of the Manuals published by the Y. M. M. I. Board has furnished the basis for study.

At present there are two flourishing Sunday Schools in the Brooklyn conference, located at Ocean Side, Long Island, and Brooklyn, respectively. The one at Ocean Side is a self-sustaining organization officered and controlled by local members there. It bids fair to become a permanent institution of great importance. The Brooklyn school is under the direct management of the Elders, but is attended and supported by Saints and friends living here, and we hope this too will be a permanent establishment.

Prominently identified with the organization and perpetuation of the Ocean Side school are Elders Marcus Farr and E. D. Whiting and Henry J. Soper the present superintendency.

In East Pennsylvania conference several Sunday Schools of the character first named have flourished and died. An organization effected in May of this year at Peckville, by Elders David Spillsbury and Joseph T. Finlinson is alive and flourishing at present. Robert Parsons, the superintendent, is an energetic worker, and a good work is being done.

There are also two live flourishing schools in West Virginia and one in Maryland. In nearly all the conferences in the mission temporary organizations have existed and work of this character may be resumed as circumstances will justify.

We recognize in this Sunday School work a very important factor in the spiritual enlightenment of the Saints, and trust it will soon reach out into the various missions of the world and become a permanent means of disseminating the truths of the Gospel.

As you have our annual statistics of Sunday School work done during the past year we do not think it necessary to repeat them here. If, however, you desire a specific account of each Sunday School that has existed or does now exist in the mission, let us know and we will embody the complete statistics in our next general report.

Hoping this will answer the purpose of your investigations at the present, we remain,

Your brother in the truth,

Wm. H. Smart.



UINTAH STAKE ACADEMY.

VERNAL, UTAH, August 12, 1900.

Dr. Karl G. Maeser, Assistant General Superintendent of the Sunday School Union, Salt Lake City:

DEAR BROTHER:—Herewith I give a report of the Sunday School class conducted in the Uintah Stake Academy during the winter of 1900.

The class was visited by and received instruction from the superintendency of the stake; the most of the instructions were given by the principal of the school, A. B. Anderson.

The class met each day of the week for a period of two hours, from nine to eleven, for ten weeks. The first hour was devoted to a study of the Articles of Faith, as treated by Dr. Talmage. The second hour to Sunday School work.

Sunday School organization, grading, planning, methods of teaching, discipline in school and general instruction, are the subjects which received our attention.

There were twenty-three members in attendance. Of these two were superintendents, the others were Sunday School teachers.

We feel that the Lord blessed us in our labors and gave us power and wisdom to make our labors a success. I remain your brother in the Gospel, A. B. ANDERSON.



AN IMPORTANT ACTION.

At the meeting of the Deseret Sunday

School Union Board, held August 30, 1900, upon the recommendation of General Superintendent George Q. Cannon, a motion was unanimously sustained, that the present aids to the Deseret Sunday School Union Board be made members of the General Board. In accordance with the foregoing, the general officers and Board as now constituted are:

General Superintendent, George Q. Cannon; Assistant General Superintendent, Karl G. Maeser; General Treasurer, George Reynolds; General Secretary, Horace S. Ensign. Members of the Board: George Q. Cannon, Karl G. Maeser, George Reynolds, Thomas C. Griggs, Joseph W. Summerhays, Levi W. Richards, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, Joseph M. Tanner, George Teasdale, Hugh J. Cannon, Andrew Kimball, Joseph F. Smith, John W. Taylor, L. John Nuttall, James W. Ure, John F. Bennett, John M. Mills, William D. Owen, Seymour B. Young, George D. Pyper and Henry Peterson. In the above order the Board should now be presented and sustained in the Sunday School conferences.



NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS ORGANIZED.

On May 27, 1900, under the direction of Apostle A. O. Woodruff, a Sunday School was organized in the Shoshone, Big Horn county, Wyoming, branch of the Woodruff stake of Zion. George Easton, superintendent; W. S. Hatch, first assistant; and W. W. Graham, second assistant; Alvin A. Despain, secretary and treasurer; H. C. Carlton, librarian.

At Bates, on the west side of Teton valley, Fremont county and stake, Idaho, Bishop Frederick W. Morgan with Stake Sunday School Aid George Green, organized a Sunday School July 29, 1900. The officers are: superintendent, William Horton; first assistant, John Borrowman; second assistant, William Alma Knight; secretary and treasurer, Jane Furniss; assistant secretary and treasurer, Hadden Wood.

On August 23, Sister Lillie Simpson called

during the meeting of the Sunday School Union Board and informed the members present that she had organized a Sunday School at Green River, Utah, with an enrollment of sixty-five members, most of whom were non-members of the Church.



TO DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION CORRESPONDENTS.

Occasionally we receive at our office communications addressing us as «Sir,» «Dear Sir,» «Gents,» «Gentlemen,» etc. These forms of address are customary and proper in the ordinary relations of the business world, and from those not members of the Church to us and from us to them; but coming to us from our own dear brethren and sisters, it strikes us with an effect like that of the introduction of a piece of ice in the region of the spinal column.

As members of the «household of faith,» and your fellow-laborers, won't you please honor us, fellow-correspondents, with the, to us, appreciated title of brother or brethren? No objections to your adding the «Dear,» and having it read thus: «Dear Brother,» or «Dear Brethren.»



CHANGES IN SUNDAY SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS.

On Sunday, August 12th, 1900, the temporary Sunday School organization at Eight Mile Creek, Bannock Stake, Idaho, was made a permanent one with Harvey Warren Higley superintendent. No assistants have as yet been chosen. Stake Sunday School Superintendent Nathan Barlow, two of the stake presidency, Elders Denmark Jensen and Clarence Eldredge, likewise Bishop Lau of Soda Springs, were present on the occasion. Eight

Mile was made a branch of the Soda Springs ward.

On Sunday, September 2nd, Superintendent Barlow and Assistant Cyrus Johnson visited Mound Valley Sunday School and released Elder Edgar D. Hale, on account of financial labors, from being superintendent of the school and installed First Assistant Chas. Panter as his successor.

We are notified by Stake Secretary Charles D. Brown of Box Elder Stake, that James D. Wade is now superintendent of North ward, Brigham City; and Thomas Peters superintendent of Three Mile Sunday School.

Stake Secretary and Treasurer A. L. Blackburn, of Fremont Stake, has been honorably released, and Lorenzo Waldrom installed as his successor.



NOTELETS.

A case weighing four hundred pounds and containing one hundred and twenty-five thousand small envelopes for the coming «Nickel Fund» collection has been received at this office.

Sister Emily Isabel Penfold, a faithful Sunday School worker of Park City, Utah, left on the 6th inst. to fill a mission in Great Britain.

Stake Superintendent Joseph Eckersley of Wayne Stake called in and gave us some desired information of his stake Sunday School affairs, and also got the group picture of the general and stake Sunday School authorities.

Deseret Sunday School Union Leaflets number 197, «Zion;» 198, «Christ's Reign on Earth;» 199, «Gifts of the Spirit,» and number 200, «Miracles,» are being mailed.

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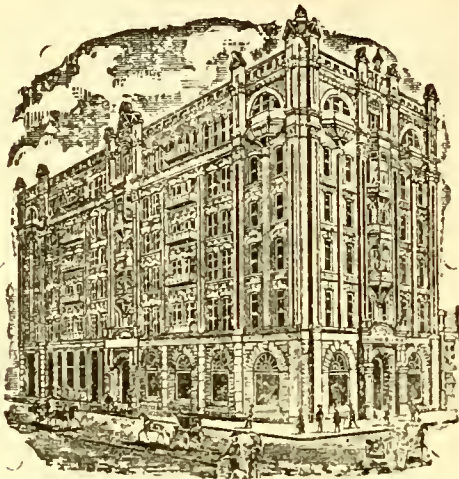
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CURRENT

TIME

TABLE.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

| | |
|--|-------------|
| No. 6—For Grand Junction, Denver and points east | 8:30 a. m. |
| No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east | 3:15 p. m. |
| No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East | 8:05 p. m. |
| No. 10—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Mantli, Belknap, and intermediate points | 7:50 a. m. |
| No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points | 6:00 p. m. |
| No. 9—For Ogden and the West | 11:00 p. m. |
| No. 1—For Ogden and the West | 12:00 noon |
| No. 5—For Ogden and the West | 9:45 a. m. |
| No. 42—For Park City | 8:00 a. m. |

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

| | |
|--|-------------|
| No. 5—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east | 9:30 a. m. |
| No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east | 11:45 a. m. |
| No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east | 10:50 p. m. |
| No. 9—From Provo, Heber, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Mantli, intermediate points | 5:55 p. m. |
| No. 6—From Ogden and the West | 8:20 a. m. |
| No. 2—From Ogden and the West | 3:05 p. m. |
| No. 4—From Ogden and the West | 7:55 p. m. |
| No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points | 10:00 a. m. |
| No. 41—From Park City | 6:45 p. m. |

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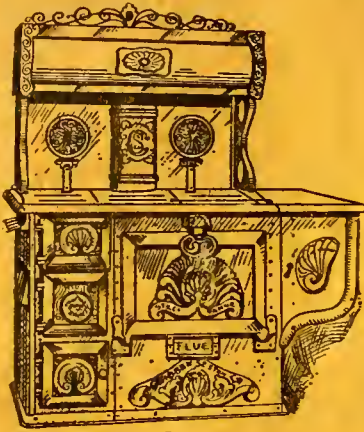
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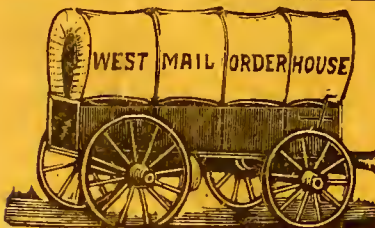
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